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Food For All.

'It's queer, isn't it?' said an old farmer thoughtfully, 'but it's a fact, that you can pasture horses in a meadow, and after they're through with it the cows will find plenty, and after the cows go a flock of sheep will fatten on what they leave. Seems if the Lord made them that way, so as they'd each get enough, and yet not need the whole field for themselves.'

TURNED OUT TO GRASS.

People are much the same when they read the Holy Book. Some need one kind of spiritual food, some another, and there is plenty for all. We are all different in our needs and thoughts and feelings. No two people in all the world think exactly alike on all points, or need exactly the same help at all times. Yet we can all go to the same Book and find there just what we each need to help us and keep us from falling. Young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner, all can discover just the right thing for themselves, somewhere between Genesis and Revelation.

What if you do find things that you do not understand, and that do not fit your case or in the least help you? To some one else they may be the gleam of light in the dark. They are not what you need. Pass them by, and take for yourself the parts that are your own—that fit your case, that shed light upon your pathway.

Take all you want. Search well, and get all that belongs to you. There will be plenty there for others that you did not touch; for the great Book of God was written for all His people, for all time, and it never fails them if they search it aright. — 'Friendly Greetings.'

Two Churches.

(Marion Brier, in the 'American Messenger.')

'Good-bye, Fred; it's going to be pretty lonesome at home, but it's a good chance for you, and I'm not afraid to trust my boy in the city, for I know he won't drift away from the church as so many boys do after they get away from home.' Mr. Kent's kindly eyes were dim, and the work-roughened hand that rested on his boy's shoulder trembled slightly, for the train was in sight that was to take Fred to the city, where he had just obtained a situation as clerk in one of the stores, and saying good-bye to his only boy was not easy.

There was a lump in Fred's throat that kept him from answering. The future looked bright, and he was eager to meet it, but now that the moment for leaving home had really come, he found it harder than he had expected. The train drew up to the platform, and, with a strong, close hand-clasp, father and son parted. A moment later Fred found himself with his face turned toward the city, leaving the old home life behind.

The week that followed was a busy one for Fred, but it was a lonely one also. He felt more alone in the midst of the crowds of strange faces on the city streets than he had ever felt, even when plowing in a field alone on the farm. He found it hard to become accustomed to his new duties and to adjust himself to the new conditions by which he was surrounded, and before the end of the week he was a very homesick boy.

He greeted Sunday morning with relief. Surely at church it would seem a little more homelike. So with his Bible and his Sunday school quarterly under his arm he started out for church, as he had been in the habit of doing for each Sunday morning ever since he could remember, feeling more cheerful than he had before during that long week.

He stopped at the First Church. The service had already commenced, when he stepped inside the door and looked around for a seat. The church was not more than half full, but there seemed to be some one sitting at the end of each pew. Fred hesitated a moment, then advanced to a seat that had but one occupant; but the man did not move from his position in the end of the pew. Fred touched him on the shoulder to attract his attention, but the man simply ignored him. It was embarrassing; Fred felt his cheeks growing hot. If there had been any way of getting out of the church without attracting attention he would have gone. But there was not, so he looked around for another seat. There was not a vacant pew, except those in the very front. Not willing to risk another rebuff, he tiptoed his way up the length of the aisle, feeling more awkward with each step, and sat down in the front seat.

But he felt ill at ease and out of place for some reason, and could not fix his mind

on the sermon; he was glad when it came to an end. After the benediction he stood waiting with his Bible and his Sunday school quarterly in his hand. Friends were quietly greeting one another on all sides, but no one spoke to him; he felt more than ever that he was an alien and did not belong there. A picture of the little home church came to his mind, and he would have given much to be there, where every one was his friend. Each moment increased his homesickness until it seemed almost unbearable.

Suddenly he realized that he was still standing there while the church was almost empty. He looked irresolutely from the quarterly in his hand to what he concluded must be the door to the Sunday school rooms, but somehow he did not have sufficient courage to go through it. So he walked down the aisle and on out of doors, a very lonely, homesick boy, with a vague feeling of disappointment.

All that afternoon the feeling of being friendless in the great, busy, unheeding city grew upon him. When evening came and the bell rung for the Young People's Meeting, he was irresolute. At home he had been a member of the society and had always attended the meetings, and he had expected as a matter of course to do the same here in the city, but with the memory of his experience that morning strong in his mind it seemed to require a great deal of courage to go to the strange church and hunt up the room where the meeting was to be held.

So it ended by his sitting still in his room, a prey to homesickness and the blues for some time. He roused himself before church time, however, and started out for the evening service fifteen minutes ahead of time, determined to arrive early enough to get a seat without needing to disturb any one.

The church was vacant when he reached it, so he chose a seat, sat down, and waited with a feeling of security. Soon the congregation began to arrive. Presently a man accompanied by two ladies stopped at the seat where Fred sat and looked at him disapprovingly—evidently, it was their pew he has chosen. After a moment's hesitation the trio filed into the pew and sat down, but Fred felt himself decidedly an interloper.

At the close of the service once more no one spoke to him, and he left the church and went to his room, glad the day was over at last. All the week he had felt friendless in the great city, but this Sunday had been worse than all the other days put together.

As the weeks went by, he did not grow less homesick, as he had hoped. It was not so bad during the days, for he was busy then, but before the end of the long, lonesome evenings he was always in the depths of the blues. He cared little for reading, and the long hours alone in his room dragged by drearily. The young men with whom he worked frequently invited him to spend an evening with them, but learning that cards were their principal amusement he had always refused. He had attended church regularly at First Church, but had not made a single acquaintance there, and did not feel any more at home there than he had that first Sunday.

Finally one evening when he was more than usually homesick, and the four walls of his room had become hateful to him, Hal Conwell, the young man who had the counter next to his at the store, looked in on him. 'What in the world is the use of your moping away your time here?' Hal exclaimed, looking at him disapprovingly. 'Get your hat and come along with me. The boys are going to have a little spread to-night and there'll be no end of fun. What is the use of your being so scared of a pack of cards and a little beer; they won't hurt you any. Come along like a sensible fellow.'

Fred jumped up impulsively. It seemed to him that he simply could not stay in that room another hour. Then, again, he must have friends somewhere; if the young people at the church would have nothing to do with him, why what was the use of refusing to be friendly with those who were willing to be friendly? He took his hat and went with Hal.

He threw himself into the enjoyment of the evening with his whole heart. The ready wit and genial manner that had always made him a social favorite at home quickly won his way here, and the boys readily adopted him as one of themselves.

But the next morning he felt troubled. He had refused to touch the beer the evening before, but he had taken his first lesson in card playing and his conscience took him severely to task. 'I don't want to get into the habit of doing that sort of thing, but I'm afraid I will go again, it's so wretchedly lonesome staying here in my room from one week's end to another,' he thought dejectedly.

So when Hal Conwell met him on his way to his boarding place the next Saturday afternoon and called out gaily, 'We're depending on you for Monday evening don't fail us,' Fred answered in a non-committal way, 'Well, I'll see.' But in his heart he knew that he would probably be there with the boys.

Sunday morning he made up his mind not to go to church. 'It doesn't do me a bit of good. I only feel worse than if I stayed at home,' he told himself fretfully as he picked up the Sunday newspaper and sat down to read.

But habit is strong, and he could not keep his father's parting words from ringing in his ears. They would not let him rest, so presently he threw down his paper and got ready for church. When he reached the sidewalk he hesitated a moment, then turned in the opposite direction from that which he usually took, and went down toward the Vine Street Church.

He was a few minutes late this morning, as he had been that first morning that he had gone to First Church. Remembering his experience that morning he was tempted to turn back, but thinking better of it opened the door and stepped in. A smiling usher took charge of him and seated him beside a young man of about his own age, who at once supplied him with a song book and afterward shared his Bible with him during the responsive reading, for Fred had gotten out of the habit of carrying his Bible to church with him.

Fred settled down to listen to the sermon with an entirely different feeling than he had had any Sunday before since he left home. There seemed to be something different in the atmosphere—a homelike feeling that went straight to the heart of the homesick boy.

At the close of the service the young man beside him turned with outstretched hand, inquired his name, and introduced himself as Robert Strong. 'We are glad to see you here,' he said heartily, 'and now I want you to meet some of our people.'

Fred quickly found himself the centre of a cordial group, who welcomed him heartily, and gave him many invitations to stay to Sunday school. 'Of course, he's going in with me now to join our class,' Robert Strong said. 'At least, I think he is,' he added with a laugh, turning to Fred.

'I'll be very glad to,' Fred answered sincerely.

So he found himself once more a member of a bright, wide-awake Sunday school class. Mr. Dale, the teacher of the class, welcomed him heartily, and at once made a note of his address, while Robert introduced him to the other members of the class. It seemed like the old home days to Fred, and the weeks between when he had been fast drifting away from church seemed like an ugly dream.

'I'll call for you this evening, if you will come to our Young People's Meeting with me,' Robert said at the close of Sunday school. 'We have interesting meetings, and I am sure you will enjoy them.'

Fred gladly consented; just then Mr. Dale claimed his attention. 'I should be pleased to see you at my home to-morrow evening, Mr. Kent,' he said; 'our class meets with me to spend a social evening once a month, and to-morrow evening is their time for coming. May I expect you?'

'I shall be most pleased to come,' Fred replied heartily. Then there came to his mind a swift memory of that other invitation for the same evening that he had almost accepted, and he wondered how he could have thought of spending another evening in that way. 'But the boys were friendly to me anyway, and I won't forget it,' he thought quickly. 'I'll try to get them to come here to church with me, and if I'm not mistaken these people will find some better way for them to spend their time.'

The Stream.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

Far in a forest's ferny fastnesses
It bursts from under-earth, brims a dim pool,
Leaps down a ledge, then, glinting clear and cool,
Darts from the shrouding shadows of the trees.

It cleaves both marsh and mead, by slow degrees
Widening and deepening; owns the sway and rule
Of curbing circumstances, though not its tool,
Joining the calm of the unplumbed seas.

Thus with the current of our lives, so small
In its unknown beginnings, waxing great
As it goes winding through the stress of years,
Guided by some divine, o'er-brooding Fate,
Until it joins the ocean that we call
Eternity, beyond God's swinging spheres.

There is always a kind of man who makes easy jests at the small beginnings of great enterprises. Sidney Smith laughed at 'consecrated cobblers' going out to convert the world with a few pounds laid on a green-covered table in a little village in Northamptonshire. But most great things begin small.—Alexander Maclaren.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER AND EVERYONE.

'DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LIKE THEM FOR THE MONEY.'

That's what everyone thinks; but we secured a manufacturer's supply, and printed our badges and flags ourselves, so that the loyal school boys and the loyal school girls in Canada, as well as loyal Canadians out of school, could get a really fine thing for a very little money, and be in a position to show their colors at all patriotic celebrations.

There is still time to send in your order if you do it at once.

Grainfield, N.B., June 25, 1906.
John Dougall & Sons: —
Dear Sirs,—I received the Maple Leaf brooches and pins some time ago. All were well satisfied with them, and did not expect anything like them for the money. Thanking you very much for extra premium, and wishing the 'Witness' every success, I remain, yours truly,
RETA M. HAMBROOK.

West Royalty, P.E.I., June 21, 1906.
John Dougall & Son:—
Dear Sirs,—I received the Maple Leaf pins and brooches, also the badges and flags, some time ago. We were all well pleased with them, and I thank you very much for the one you sent me as a premium. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain, yours truly,
CHARLOTTE PICKARD.
Point Pleasant.

See Advt. Elsewhere.

N.B.—Orders of TEN or more at the ten cent rate. Be sure to give the addresses for the two papers that go free for one month with EACH pin ordered. Your friends out West or in the Old Country will appreciate this chance to become acquainted with our papers if you take them already yourself.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

She woke up as the car stopped, near the hospital, and clung to Jim's hand, as they walked up the path, with a new feeling of fear; and when they were shown into the little reception room, she stood up stiffly at his side, half afraid to sit on the other side of the room. Her big eyes took in every detail of the place, the tall clock ticking in the corner, the curious little paper-weight on the desk, the frontispieces of the magazines on the table. She bent down to whisper in Jim's ear, 'Ain't it awful clean?'

Then the doctor entered. Cecilia liked him at once, liked his cheery 'Good-morning,' liked the way he smiled at her, even liked his name, as he said, 'I am Dr. Hanauer, and I believe this is Mr. ——, let me see, I believe I've forgotten it!' How could he have forgotten it, when the drug-clerk had told him that he didn't know the name?

Jim stood up, awkwardly, but with a certain dignity that he never forgot. 'My name is Belway, Jim Belway.'

Cecilia had never heard his full name before, and admired its sound. She was proud of Jim for the way he said it.

'And I believe you wish to go through the hospital?' The tone was kindly, but Cecilia fancied it rather implied a rebuke to Jim for coming. She lost her unusual shyness, and pushing her hair back with her old gesture, she said earnestly, 'It wasn't for himself he was comin'—it was for me! Puddin' is sick—he fell downstairs—the doctor says it's his back that's hurted, and he ought to be took to the hospital. I won't let him be took to a hospital—they say they kill people there. Jim said as how he'd show me one, and so he brought me here. But he wasn't going to bother you for himself—Jim's awful good, he wouldn't. Honest!'

The doctor looked down into the honest eyes and saw clear to their depths, and he put his hand very kindly on her shoulders, and said, 'I will find it a pleasure to show you through. I am glad Mr. Belway came, and when I have shown you everything, maybe you will find a hospital pleasanter than you think.'

If the nurses, with their snowy caps and aprons, flitting so noiselessly about, thought it strange that Dr. Hanauer was playing guide, they did not say it; if any one thought it a strange sight, to see a thinly-clad, pinched little girl and as poorly-clad a man taking up the valuable time of the doctor of whom they all stood somewhat in awe, then neither Cecilia nor Jim ever guessed it. As they went from room to room, Cecilia's eyes grew wider and wider; she peered into every corner, she saw the spotless linens and the dainty trays, and even saw some patients who were smiling quite happily. She noticed too that Dr. Hanauer had a smile or word for each, and that the sick ones turned their heads to watch him as he went about.

Then they stepped into the elevator and were whisked to an upper floor; an elevator ride was a treat to Cecilia, and she was sorry when it ended,—but when they stepped across the hall, and into a great, sunny room beyond, she forgot the elevator, and took in every bit of the scene before her. About forty children were there, some tiny cooing ones in the nurses' arms, some larger ones building block houses, some little fellows with ugly crutches and crooked backs, and two or three who were simply sitting in their push chairs and smiling at the rest. Through an open door, the Saint caught a glimpse of another room, with many little iron beds in it, and from there she could hear the sounds of childish voices.

Dr. Hanauer's gray eyes watched her face keenly—he had guessed that this would be the room where the girl's interest would be most intense; he saw the big eyes grow darker, and saw how she held on to Jim's hand as if she did not want to let go of herself. She fastened her eyes on a little fellow about ten, who walked with a limp that showed hip disease, and whose back was bent painfully; she watched him bend over to pick up a ball, as if the movement hurt, but saw him smile cheerily as he threw it to another.

When the nurse who happened to be near him moved away, she calmly walked up to the child, and her clear voice rang through the room, as she asked, 'Say, are you here long?'

'Me?' the boy was surprised at being spoken to, and dropped his eyes bashfully. 'Oh, yes, weeks and weeks and weeks, a whole lot.'

The Saint dropped her voice, and asked hurriedly, 'Are they good to you?'

The boy laughed outright, 'Well, you bet!'

Cecilia knew boys well, and she knew the lad spoke truthfully. She half turned away, then asked again, 'Do you get enough to eat?'

The doctor smiled as he waited for the answer. One glance at the girl's face had told his practiced eyes that 'enough to eat' was not usual with her, at least! 'Enough to eat!' the boy echoed scornfully. 'Get enough to eat, and eat, and eat, and eat! Say, guess what we got for breakfast this morning!'

The Saint guessed the finest breakfast she could remember. 'Tea, and rolls, with butter on.'

'Ah, say, go on!' Several of the youngsters laughed at the simplicity of the menu. 'Say, we had an orange, and an egg, and toast, and codfish, and cocoa!'

'Don't you make fun of me!' The Saint's eyes began to flash.

'I ain't a-makin' fun, honest injun!' The boy was taken aback at the implied doubt. Ask her!' pointing to a nurse.

But Cecilia turned to the doctor, and jerking her thumb in the direction of the boy, asked, "Did he have them things for breakfast?'

'My child,' the doctor's voice was very gentle, 'if he had that breakfast, it was simply about the kind the children have every morning!'

Cecilia paused a moment, to let the idea sink well into her brain, then the doctor saw her brave little lips tremble, and she turned to Jim to hide her face. With a choking sob, she said huskily, 'Jim, Puddin' never had such a good breakfast as you brought us to-day, and maybe he won't soon again! And, look, these ain't no better, and see what they get!'

And with the wondering children looking on, and the sympathetic nurses, she broke into a wild passion of sobbing; and in the midst of it, Jim smoothed back her red hair with his rough hand, and said softly, 'Look you now! Puddin' could be havin' the same, would you be lettin' him!'

The sobs stopped, as she shook the tears from her eyes. She turned from Jim to the doctor, whose eyes too were not free from a bit of mist. She put her thin little hand on his coat sleeve timidly, and gazed excitedly into his bearded face.

'Would my brother be here? Up here? With all these things, and with,—with them things to eat?'

'My dear little girl!' Dr. Hanauer's voice was very tender. 'If the little one comes to us, we will try our very best to make him well, and he shall share everything that these little ones have.'

Still half-unbelieving, she hesitated, and said slowly, 'We ain't got no money, we're poor, we're awful poor.'

'Yes? And what of it? Then he needs the care most—and he shall have it.'

Cecilia turned her back on the room, and stood at the door leading into the hall, while she blinked away her tears and choked down her sobs. She turned back to the doctor, started to talk, and couldn't, but finally blurted out, 'I can't tell you—what I want to. Let's go home, Jim!'

And so they went down-stairs again. And before he would let them go, Dr. Hanauer showed them into a litle room, and saying, 'I know you are tired after going about, and you must take this before going out into the damp,' he placed before them glasses of warm milk and dainty slices of bread. And to make them feel more truly his guests, he joined them in their lunch.

Then he watched them as they went down the stone steps to the street, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he whistled softly; but, as peering through the window, he saw how the wind tossed about the thin little shawl, and saw how Jim held his collar more closely to his throat, the whistle stopped, and he turned wearily away.

'There's so much of it! Good God, why can't we help them all! And still we can help one at a time, I suppose! If that red-haired child's brother comes here, he'll have all the house affords, or we'll know why!'

VIII.

A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION AT THE PUMP.

To have the ambulance stop at one's house, gave a certain interesting distinction to one who dwelt in the Court; even Cecilia, though her heart seemed full to overflowing, could not help but feel her importance when she came down to the pump the next morning. The whole population of the Court had watched the ambulance when it came in the afternoon before, had watched and commented upon the careful way in which Puddin' was carried down, and lifted in, and long after it had gone, has conversed at the pump, and from window to window, about Puddin's mishap. Mrs. Sweeney, of necessity forced to be sober, had gone to work unusually early, and to the few questioners had vouchsafed no information, except to say that Puddin' wasn't the first of her people to be in a hospital, as her mother's own sister had been in one for many weeks, and had had the enviable distinction of dying there. It was when the Saint appeared at the pump, that many of her neighbors found that their water pails needed replenishing, and improved the occasion by asking the minute particulars of the case.

''Tis yourself as is lucky to be gettin' him into a hospital, so you are!' Mrs. Flynn was pumping vigorously, good-naturedly filling pail after pail. 'It's himself as will be having plenty to ate while we'll be half starving!'

'Eatin' is it?' The Saint's voice was a little husky. 'The pain has kept him from eatin' this four days.'

'But sure it will be different there,' asserted Mrs. Flynn, soothingly. 'It's a fine life he'll be havin'!'

'It is that! So it is!' corroborated Mrs. Daley, who between holding her pail under the spout of the pump, and keeping the two young Daleys from the same place, had to speak in jerks. 'He'll not be sleeping in his shoes to keep his feet warm! 'Tis hopin' I am they'll keep him till the winter itself is broken!'

'Till the winter is broken!' Cecilia stood aghast. ''Tain't winter yet barely, and the doctor says he'll be doin' his best! My

heart will break if he ain't home by Christmas time.'

They watched her as she went across into Jim's shop, and Mrs. Flynn gently said, 'Sure, 'tis a mother's heart the child has, God bless her! I'm thinking she feels it more than her mother, if she is sober the morning!'

''Tis yourself as is talkin', Mrs. Flynn!' Mrs. Daley, having rescued the youngest Daley from an imminent flood, prepared to go home. 'I can't see how a mother can be so! When my Mickey got his foot hurt, a year come spring, 'twas I felt the worst pain!'

'Is it of Mickey's foot you're talkin'! Think of me when my Andy got his arm broke!'

Mrs. Flynn let go the pump handle and picked up her pail.

'Your Andy!' Mrs. Daley's tones were slightly scornful. 'What's an arm to a foot! Your Andy could be walkin' round the while?'

'And if he could!' Mrs. Flynn's motherly pride was awakened. 'Sure the pain was more than if both his feet were hurt like Mickey's!'

'Will you hear her, now?' Mrs. Daly appealed to her growing audience with an angry gesture. 'Sure she don't know what she's speakin'!'

'Don't I know!' Mrs. Flynn's pail was set down with a thump that shook out half its contents, and drenched the feet of the little Daleys, who, anxious as they had been to get into the water, felt called upon now to howl loudly. 'If I didn't know more than some of the people here, I'd be goin' to school with the babies! Sure, and my children are always in school when they ought to be, and so it's no wonder when they do be learnin'.' and with that parting shot, Mrs. Flynn picked up her pail again, and walked off.

It being well known in the Court that the truant officer had made frequent calls on the Daleys because of Mickey's lapses from the path of learning, this remark had a telling effect upon his mother, who shook her fist in the direction of the receding figure, and remarked angrily that Mickey was worth half a dozen of such ordinary youngsters as those of Mrs. Flynn.

The little audience having enjoyed this little scene with all the gusto that others give to the drama, slowly dissolved, and straightway forgot the visit of the ambulance in the newer, although not unusual excitement at the pump.

The little Daleys, left almost alone, decided that Jim's shop was the most enticing place about, trudged across to it, and being asked as to the cause of their tears, gave Jim a highly colored and minute explanation. Then they cuddled down on the floor next the bit of fire in the stove, and watched Jim's little hammer go up and down. Cecilia, sitting on the end of his bench, curled her feet up beneath her, that little Denny Daley might get nearer the stove.

'Ain't it awful nice and warm in here?' remarked Denny pleasantly to Cecilia.

'Yes,' she answered briefly.

'Say, it ain't so warm in our house. Is it in yours?'

The Saint blazed forth in a sudden burst of heartsick impatience. 'No, it ain't! It ain't never anything nice in our house!'

Jim put his hand kindly on her bent red head. ''Tis nice to be thinkin' of Puddin' in the nice warm room, and plenty to eat and drink, and a good doctor to be curing him. If I had a saint's name, I'd be thinkin' of that!'

'And I'm thinkin' that 'twas you as put him there! If I could be going to work now I'd pay you back!' Her voice seemed near the breaking point. 'And if I was workin', Jim, and if ever I had a cent, don't I know it would be going the way of every cent we ever get? You know she'd be spending it! And what for?'

Jim knew the bitterness of the words was all that kept the proud tears back; he knew too that the child was right, and yet his kindly heart was thinking out an answer that should keep the mother thought in her heart. 'And tell me now, would a saint be talkin' so of her mother? Don't you never be forgettin' that when a body has trouble to bear, it's often then that the drink comes in handy to ease it.'

'Jim,' the Saint looked at him anxiously, 'did you ever have any trouble?'

Jim slowly got up, and opening the little stove door, bent down and poked the few coals about. 'Go on now, Denny, and take your little brother home—it's sleepy he is!'

'I ain't sleepy, Jim,' protested the child quickly. 'I want to stay here.'

'Don't be tellin' me!' Jim's voice sounded a bit irritable. 'Can't I see your's most half asleep now!' Then seeing a tear gather, he hastily drew forth one of his few remaining pennies, and said, 'There now! Go in and get the biggest apple that will buy.'

He shut the door carefully after the children, and turned to Cecilia. 'How old are you, Celié?'

'I'm thirteen, fourteen come next August.' She wondered at the question.

'Who is it you love the most of all the world?' Jim knew what the answer would be.

'Puddin'!' There wasn't a shade of hesitation in the Saint's tones now.

Jim sat down on the bench next to her, and said slowly, 'Suppose you was ten years older, and Puddin' was all ye had in the world, and you thought ten times more of him than you do!'

'Oh, Jim, I couldn't!'

'Well, supposin' you could! And then all of a sudden, he was called away.'

'Jim,' the Saint's voice was very positive, 'Puddin' wouldn't ever go away from me! 'Tis likes he's callin' me this minute!' There was a quiver in her voice now.

'Cecilia!' She heard an unusual tremor in his tones, and looked at him curiously. 'I never knew my mother and I never knew my father, and I was a grown man before I loved any one. Then there was some one I loved so much that it made up for never having loved any one before. And all of a sudden, she went away.'

She looked at Jim's head bent down on his hand, and her voice rang angrily.

'She went away! From you! And didn't she never come back?'

'Why, Celie, child!' Jim's words were very low and soft. 'She went to heaven! God knows she's like to be happier there, and I wouldn't be askin' her back. But, it's a long time waiting, child, to see her.'

The Saint was shocked to find that a sob had crept into Jim's voice—he, Jim! Jim, whose very tones were always full of cheer! It was her turn to comfort, so she laid her little hand helplessly on his shoulder, and whispered huskily, while her heart throbbed with pity, 'I'm awful sorry, Jim!' She knew no sweeter terms of compassion.

Jim sat still, with his hands clasped, and his head fallen forward on his chest. The Saint pondered deeply, and then asked, 'Say, Jim, did you used to get drunk?'

Jim lifted his head slowly, and although his eyes were a bit misty, they looked clearly and proudly into Cecilia's own. 'I never was drunk in all my life!'

'I knew you weren't,' asserted the Saint. 'You didn't get drunk because you had trouble. Neither does she!'

'Cecilia, you mustn't be talkin' that way! Ye mustn't, I tell you! 'Tis bad for you that your mother ain't strong enough to turn her back on the drink—it is that! But don't you be forgettin' that it's worse for her! And don't you be forgettin' that she's your mother, and she took care of you when no one else could take care of you. 'Tis a bad thing for one to be talkin' wrong of his mother—but it's worse for you, for you've got a Saint's name!'

(To be continued.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

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Look Your Best, Girls.

'Girls spend a great deal too much time and thought on dress nowadays,' said the severe-looking matron.

Do they? I'm not so sure of that. Some of them may, of course, but there are exceptions to prove every rule; and, as a matter of fact, time and thought spent on dress are in nine cases out of ten extremely well invested.

It is everybody's duty to try and look their best; and that's a thing it is impossible to do without giving time and thought to the matter, unless you happen to have a dress allowance that runs into several figures, and very few of us have that!

If you have, it is easy to go to a clever modiste and give her 'carte blanche' to provide you with everything you are likely to require. Very delightful it is, too, but in such case there will be very little credit due to you; most of it will belong to your dressmaker.

But if, with only a small allowance, when you have to depend largely on your own deft fingers to provide you with fallals, you are still able to turn yourself out creditably, that's quite a different matter, for there is an enormous amount of credit due to the girl who 'can make old clothes look almost as good as new.'

You may hold up your head with the best and take pleasure in the thought that you are making yourself a pleasant sight for others' eyes to rest upon, and helping to make your corner of the world the bright, beautiful place it was meant to be. Oh, no! I am not at all sure that girls spend too much time and thought on such things.

Why They Prospered.

'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth' (Prov. xi., 24), is a text that infidels are inclined to sneer at; but those who carry out its precepts know how true the Divine paradox is.

In the early part of the last century a poor English girl became kitchenmaid in a farmhouse. She had to work hard, but in time she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, and saved money enough after a while to build them a home.

On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front door, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: 'Oh Lord, if Thou wilt bless us in this place, the poor shall have a share in it.'

Time rolled on, and fortune rolled in. Children grew up around the God-fearing couple, and they became prosperous and wealthy. They had factories employing over 4,000 hands, and for these they built dwelling-houses, which were let to the laborers at cheap rents as long as they could work, and when the men became invalided or old, they had the houses for nothing.

One of the sons bought land, and opened a great public park, which he presented to the people of Halifax, whilst others endowed an orphanage and almshouses.

Most of our readers have heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys of Halifax. One of the family, a member of Parliament, once declared that the prosperity of the family was entirely due to that mother's prayer on the threshold of the new home, and the faithful carrying out of the promise there made.—'Good Words.'

Making an Impression.

You are making a carbon copy on your typewriter.

You are in a hurry.

You slap together the front paper, and the sheet of carbon paper, and the back paper.

You roll them all into the machine, and you begin to hammer away.

Tap, tap, tap, rattle, rattle, rattle, ting, ting, ting, one line, two lines, half a page, a whole page, and you whirl the completed sheets from the machine with a gratified sigh. So much done.

But, alas! it isn't.

The back page is a beautiful blank, un-

sullied as when it entered the typewriter.

The front page is very much written upon, a neat copy on one side, and on the other a copy reversed, like Alice's looking-glass writing.

What has happened?

Few, in these days, need to be told. You put the carbon paper in wrong-side to; that's all.

Such a mistake, absurd and provoking as it is, rendering necessary the wearisome duplication of the work, is nevertheless a pleasant affair compared with a like error in another sort of effort.

You are making a speech.

The speech impresses you very much. As you run off its neatly turned sentences, you purr to yourself, pat yourself on the head. 'Good boy!' you say to your inner consciousness. 'Good boy! Not every one could do that,' you say.

And, of course, you want to impress your auditors.

In fact, you think you are impressing them. You haven't a doubt of it. When you are through, you look for that impression with the greatest confidence.

And you don't find it. Minds a perfect blank. Evidently couldn't tell a thing you have been saying. Evidently don't care, either.

You have been making all the impression on yourself. You have turned the carbon paper the wrong way.

Analyze this embarrassing occurrence, and you will find that you have been thinking of yourself in the process of preparing that speech, of yourself in the process of delivering it, and that, in fine, the usual attitude of your mind is inward rather than outward. The carbon paper is turned toward yourself, and not outward, away from yourself.

Therefore, if you want to make an impression in the world, THINK OF THE OTHER FELLOW.—'C. E. World.')

Giving.

Hast thou plenty? Then rejoice,
Rejoice and freely share,
Hast thou scanty store? E'en then
A little thou canst spare.
And hast thou only bit or crumb,
A donor yet thou mayst become.

Since morsel from thy less or least
For bird or insect makes a feast.
Be the portion small or great,
Thy loving, generous heart
Will always find it large enough
To give away a part.

—From the 'Norwegian.'

Wait for the Mud to Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham, full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

'My dear boy,' Father Graham said, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel.'

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—'M. C. Advocate.'

Great-Aunt Maria's Cure.

'I just detest the in-between time!' grumbled Mabel Scott. 'I mean the between time of age. I don't appear well before the people, and if I play with the children, every one calls me a tomboy, and there just doesn't seem to be any place for girls of fourteen, especially if they have too many elbows and feet.'

'That's so,' said grandmother. 'I felt just that way myself until I discovered a cure for awkwardness.'

'Is there one?' asked Mabel, delightedly, taking a seat at grandmother's feet. 'Because I grow so fast that I don't have time to get used to myself, grandmother dear. I overheard uncle say, only yesterday, "Mabel was a dear little girl, and will be a fine woman, but now she ought to be kept in retirement for two or three years," ' and Mabel's blue eyes filled with tears.

'I was tall for my age, too,' said grandmother's comforting voice; 'never could enter a room without stumbling over a chair or kicking up a rug, and I grew so self-conscious that I was miserable most of the time.'

'Your grandmother?' said Mabel, looking in astonishment at the stately old gentlewoman.

'Yes, I; and the way I was cured was this: I had been to a party one night, and had appeared so poorly that, on reaching home, I threw myself on my bed and cried with vexation.

'Great-Aunt Mary was visiting us at that time, and her room being next to mine, she heard my sobs, and soon a sharp tap sounded at the door, and in she came, wearing a broad-frilled night-cap, and carrying a candle, bottle and spoon.

' "Are you sick?" she asked; "because if you are, here is an herb to drink."

' "No," I sobbed out.

' "Have you hurt any one's feelings, or has anybody done harm to you?" she next inquired, in her brusque yet kindly way.

' "No; oh, no," I said, "but I was so awkward, and appeared so, and couldn't think of remarks to make—and— nobody ever —makes—such a fool—of themselves as I do!"

' "Oh," said Great-Aunt Mary, "is that all? Now, the next place you go to, try to see how many people you can make have a good time, and bring me word. And now go to sleep, or you will look like a fright to-morrow."

'The next week there was a gathering at one of the neighbor's, who had a niece from the city visiting her. While I was nervously in dread about going, by great-aunt came to me and said:

' "That lame Dodd boy will do to begin on, and I shall expect quite a list, remember!"

Well, that was the first party I really enjoyed. In looking out for the Dodd boy, I forgot my feet, and they got into the room very well; for I've noticed that both hands and feet get along nicely when you leave them alone.

'I helped Jimmy Dodd in the games, and repeated the conundrums to the deaf old grandmother, who stayed up part of the evening to enjoy the fun.

'I offered to tie on the handkerchief in the blindfold games, and so put my awkward hands to work, and—well, in thinking of others, I forgot myself, and had a happy evening, and when I told my great-aunt about it, all she said was:

' "Huh! Supposed you would." '

'Thank you, grandmother,' said Mabel. "I will not forget, or, at least, I will forget my hands and feet.'—'Morning Star.'

Some Quaint Customs in Tibet.

In a very interesting account of the people of northern Tibet, among whom he spent some time—a not very attractive folk, by the way—Mr. W. C. J. Reid says in the 'Monthly Review': 'Tea is one of the principal staples of trade throughout Tibet and Mongolia. The natives are miserable without it, and when it cannot be obtained, are willing to cheat themselves by various expedients, such as boiling dried onion heads, herbs, or even an infusion of chips of wood in water, in order that they may not be at least without a suggestion of their favorite beverage. The tea imported from China is pressed into small oblong-shaped bricks, having the appearance of cakes of chocolate, made up into cases of nine bricks, secured by rawhide thongs. This is not only used as a beverage, but, being conveniently portable and easily passed from hand to hand, passes current as money.

'The native method of preparing this delicacy is not of a kind that would commend itself to civilized epicures. The tea is first ground to a fine powder by vigorously pounding it in mortar until no splints of wood or other impurities are visible; it is then put into the copper kettle, before the k'ang, when the water is hot, to boil for five or ten minutes. By way of giving increased flavor, salt or soda is added, and this part of the operation being completed, the all-important business of drinking it commences. The host and his assembled guests being gathered around the fire by yak-dung in order that "atmosphere," as the artists would say, should not be lacking, each one draws from the folds of his garment a little wooden bowl, and, with a satisfaction which must be seen to be appreciated, fills his private dish with the liquid.

'All this, however, is put by way of preliminary. From a sheepskin full of rancid butter, placed within convenient range, each takes a piece of the oleaginous compound and lets it melt into his bowl of steaming tea. Then, with furtive grasp, he draws the "nectar" to his lips and "heaven is opened unto him." The bowl is again filled. into the steam liquid he throws a handful of tsamba, and drawing forth the sodden lump, works it into a ball of brown dough with a deft movement of his left hand, and successively bites off pieces of this delicacy and drinks his buttered tea until the visible supply has vanished. when, in order that his table etiquette may not be impugned he licks his bowl clean and puts it back into the folds of his coat.'

What You Are.

The things you do have mighty power,
And oft-times make or mar;
But never forget,
That more potent yet
Are the deathless things you are.

The spring is not higher than its source.
No glowworm can rise to a star;
Look well to the deed,
But prayerfully heed
That innermost thing you are.

The outward act is but, at best,
A copy, and how should it be
A beautiful thing
If the hidden spring
Of beauty lies not in thee?

—Eva Williams Malone.

Harry's Missionary Potato.

'I can't afford it,' said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

'But the poor heathen,' he replied; 'is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school houses and books?'

'What do you know about the heathen?' exclaimed the old man, testily. 'Do you wish to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it.'

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:

'Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the missionary board, will you give me a potato?'

'A potato!' ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

'Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?'

'Oh, yes!' replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such easy terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

'Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato,

or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.'—'Central Methodist.'

Signals of Distress.

Time was, long ago, when the doctor said. 'Headache? Here's a fine powder to stop a headache'; time is, now, when the doctor says: 'Headache? Let's see what causes it'; and puts glasses on eyes and forbids the eating of sweets. He cures the cause which flies headache as signal of distress.

Slowly we are learning to apply this principle of investigation to moral illnesses. Sarah is habitually impertinent; is it sufficient to silence her tongue and leave resentment in her mind? There must be a cause; perhaps she has caught the habit from a playmate; perhaps she confuses sharpness with quick-wit. The cause must be found and treated with the deft, sure touch that moral surgery requires. —'Christian Age.'

Five Observations to Make.

If wisdom's ways you wish to seek,
  Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
  And how, and when, and where.

The Butterfly Girl.

(Max Bennett Thrasher, in the 'C. E. World.')

(Concluded.)

'Can't wait, ma'am,' said the conductor. There's another train close behind. It's a warm day, and no wind. If it wa'n't, I wouldn't let her go, for my own risk. She'll come up all right afoot, to-day, though, an' tired enough, too, to wish she'd stayed aboard.' He helped Miss Pierson into the car, and the train clanked on.

An hour later, Agnes, warm, out of breath, and burned by the sun, reached the Summit House radiant over the butterfly, captured and uninjured.

The next day Agnes came to Miss Pierson with the butterfly preserved and mounted. 'Please, Miss Pierson,' she said, 'won't you paint me a water-color picture of this butterfly? Just a little one, which I can send away in a letter.' Then, in strictest confidence, she showed a clipping from a city newspaper telling of a butterfly-farm in England where rare specimens were bred and sold by hundreds.

'You see,' she said, 'if this proves to be a very rare specimen, perhaps I can sell it for enough to get marmee her new dress, after all.'

The sketch was made, true to life in its delicate coloring, and sent.

The sixteenth day brought a letter. Agnes read it part way through, gasped, and fled to Miss Pierson—her mother was gone for the day. 'Read it out loud,' she whispered, 'and let me see if I am crazy.'

Miss Pierson read, after the formal beginning of the letter. '"The sketch which you send is an excellent representation of —— ——' something, — two long Latin names which I can't make out,' said the reader.

'No matter,' broke in Agnes. 'I know what that is. Read on.'

'"—— a rare Alpine species, reported to have been found at times on the higher mountains of eastern America. If you have on hand a supply of specimens of this species, well preserved, and care to sell them, we would be glad to procure ten specimens of you, for which we would be willing to pay five pounds each.'

'Five pounds each!' cried Agnes. 'Yes, that's it. I couldn't believe I read it right. Marmee can have her dress and bonnet, and go to Aunt Ann's, and a new cloak, too; and then I can go to the Normal School, after all.'

'If you get the butterflies,' put in her hearer.

'Get them! Why, I'll get them if I have to walk all over Mt. Washington, and sleep there nights. Only, say, though; I haven't got money enough to go up there again, without telling marmee; and I didn't want her to know.'

'You have one butterfly, though, worth twenty-five dollars, anyway,' said Miss Pierson. 'I will lend you the money to go with, because you can pay me back from the sale of that one specimen, even if you do not get any more. And I will go with you,' not adding aloud what she was thinking, 'because I do not dare to let you go alone.'

Oh, thank you so much,' the girl said. 'Can we go to-morrow? Because some of those butterflies live such a short time that every day is precious. I only hope that that one may have been the first of the season, and out ahead of time, at that.'

So when Mrs. Bignall came home that night she found another mountain excursion planned.

Agnes carried an insect-net and a nest of little boxes for preserving specimens.

'If you have time,' her mother said, when the two were starting, 'bring me back a root of those little blue flowers which grow among the rocks there, "innocence," we used to call the plant when I was a girl and went up the mountain.'

'Yes, dear!' the girl called back.

When they changed cars at the Base Station, Miss Pierson found the conductor and told him what they wanted to do. 'Is it prudent for us to try to do it?' she asked.

The man looked up at the mountain, rising rough and steep before them, and then at the sky, deep-blue and cloudless. 'I think so,' he said, adding: 'I can tell better when we get up to where I can see out over the country. Ordinarily I wouldn't encourage two women leaving the train there; sometimes the clouds shut down so thick you'd be just lost. But I've got a girl of my own about her age; and, when they want to do a thing, they want to do it; that's all. I'll see.'

When the train reached the last water tank, and the passengers crowded out as before, the conductor said, as he helped Miss Pierson from the car: 'I think you can go all right, ma'am. It's warm and there ain't a cloud to be seen. You can't never tell, here, though, what the weather is going to be; so you can't be too careful. Don't go no further away than you are obliged to; and, if you see the least bit of mist coming down or up, just make right for the railroad, and hang on to that until we come back. Good luck!'

The two women, left to themselves, scrambled about among the rocks, keeping a few rods apart, and leaving unsearched no spot of moss on which the butterflies might be resting. Their search was in vain. though; and finally Miss Pierson, tired out, sat down to lean against the sunny side of a rock and rest.

Agnes came to her later, discouraged, but trying not to show how great was her disappointment. 'I shall come next year,' she said, 'earlier. I won't give them up. Where there was one, there must be more.'

'What time is it?' she asked, and then, looking at the watch which her companion held out, said: 'Only half an hour and it will be time for the train to be coming back down the mountain. I'll go and get marmee's flowers. She shall have those, anyway. I can see some down there by that rock.'

A few minutes later Miss Pierson heard a cry. 'Come quick! Come quick!' and, looking, saw Agnes wildly flourishing her net on its long handle, while what they had thought to be a cluster of blue flowers had proved to be a flock of the rare butterflies that now were fluttering like dainty orchid blossoms in the air.

Agnes caught twelve of them, and all but one uninjured. In time there came back to her a draft on crisp English linen paper for fifty pounds. When she had paid for having this cashed, and had paid her debt to Miss Pierson, she had $225 left.

'So you see, dearest marmee,' she said, when she had put the bills in her mother's lap, and had told her the story, 'for once my awful taste for bugs and worms has done some good.'

Agnes went to the Normal School, and then to a school of natural science. She is a woman now, and has a butterfly-farm of her own, in a small way, there among the Franconia hills, although she spends only a part of the year there now. The neighbors still speak of her as 'odd,' and declare they would not touch her specimens 'for the world. Nasty crawling things!' But with all this they have come to have a very genuine respect for the substantial income which her business, outlandish as they think it, brings to her.

A Question.

When I ply my daily task,
  And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
  What, my soul, would Jesus do?
Would the foe my heart beguile
  Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
  Answer, 'What would Jesus do?'

Through the Countenance.

Faces have an influence that words can never have. The eyes, the brow, the lines of the whole visage, speak out as the tongue can never speak. The face is not merely physical; it changes inevitably as the inner man changes. Hard thought, evil desires, selfish ambitions, show through the countenance as in no other way. And the influence of these inner thoughts and purposes of ours is felt by those who merely look at us. It is not enough that we should have a care about words and deeds as influencing others; the very countenance itself, lighted from within, should speak forth a clean, wholesome message to all who look us in the eyes.—'Great Thoughts.'

Don't Read Them.

'There's a tip-top book, Ellis, you can take it to read, if you want to. I've just read it, and it is a splendid story.'

'Then I should like to read it. I don't very often get a chance at a new book. But I think books are best of anything, and when I am a man I mean to have stacks of them. Mother and I read them together, and then we talk over what we have been reading about; so it's twice as good as if I had read it alone.'

'Is that the way you do?'

'Of course it is. Why shouldn't I? Mother and I are all the family that is left, and we do everything we can together. I tell you my mother is the best company I ever had. She is just jolly, besides being good as she can be. She goes singing around the house, making a fellow feel rich.'

'Ain't she old?'

'No; and it wouldn't make any difference if she was, she'd be my mother all the same.'

'To be sure she would. But if you take this book you must keep it out of her sight and read it on the sly!'

'Why must I?'

'Because she wouldn't like it. My mother would make a great fuss if she knew I read such a book.'

'Then what do you read it for? What's the matter with the book? You said it was splendid.'

'So it is, but your mother wouldn't think so.'

'Then it ain't so, for I tell you mother knows. I won't read anything on the sly. I don't do business that way. I advise you not to. My mother knows best.'

'If you think so, I don't suppose it's any use to try to make you think differently.'

'No, sir, it is not.' —'Round Table.'

Why He Ran Away.

An English boy who was an expert angler used to obtain permission to fish in a stream on an estate barred to the ordinary angler. One day, when so employed, a gamekeper surprised him and another lad. Instantly the boy dropped his rod and rushed into the wood, followed in hot pursuit by the man. After a chase of half a mile he was caught. 'Now, you young rascal, have you a permit?' said the gamekeeper. 'Yes, sir,' panted the lad, and produced it. 'Well, why on earth did you run away?' 'To let the other boy get away, sir—he hadn't a permit!'—'League Journal.'

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Our quotations in these Premium Offers are based on NEW subscriptions at yearly rates, viz: Daily Witness, $3.00, Weekly Witness, $1.00, World Wide, $1.50, Northern Messenger, 40 cents; but as a special inducement to our readers to assist us in extending the "Witness" sphere of influence,

WE WILL, UNTIL JULY 31, accept all NEW Subscriptions on exactly the same basis whether at above rates or at the

SPECIAL YEAR END TRIAL RATES: Daily Witness, 90 cents; Weekly Witness, 30 cents; World Wide, 50 cents; Northern Messenger, 15 cents.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS. When new subscribers are stipulated, it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers; that is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

STERLING--SPOONS--SILVER

No. 1

1. Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, see cut No. 1), bright silver finish or richly gilt. The handle is ornamented with coat-of-arms of each province, in fine hard enamel, or with enamel maple leaf for Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose coat-of-arms is not yet authorized. The great attraction about this spoon is that we will have the bowl hand engraved to your order, with any single name you choose—your surname—your Christian name—or the name of your town. This is a rare chance for residents in new districts to get a handsome Souvenir Spoon that they could not buy locally for any money. These Spoons, with Christian name engraved, would form a most acceptable present for any one. When intended as a gift we will mail direct postpaid and registered to any address, with sender's card enclosed, if supplied. This spoon retails regularly at $1.25. One of these spoons given for new subscriptions to any of our publications to the value of $1.80

2. Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon (see cut No. 2), with head of either King or Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver finish or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value of $1.80

No. 2.

STERLING SILVER SPOONS

No. 3.

3.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon, larger and heavier than the above. (See Cut No. 3.) Bowl engraved to order, as quoted for No. 1. Handle showing handsome figure of Indian, with raised paddle; the whole surmounted with fine hard enamel coat of arms. Retails at $3.25.

This Spoon for new subscriptions to the value of .. ..

No. 1

Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver finish or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value of **$1.80**

No. 2.

One Spoon given for new subscriptions to the value of only **$1.80**

Or, one Spoon, same quality and pattern as above, but heavier and slightly larger, for **$2.75**

N.B.—Perhaps you think we are going in heavily for spoons in this premium sheet, but we are only quoting terms for sterling table appointments; the more we have the better we like it as a general thing. Some thrifty folk give each child a spoon as a birthday gift, and it is a capital plan. Such gifts last; their value gets greater instead of less as time goes on.

5.—Still another Spoon, but something in the line of regular teaspoons for everyday use. Every house should be supplied with sterling table appointments; the more we have the better we like it as a general thing. Some thrifty folk give each child a spoon as a birthday gift, and it is a capital plan. Such gifts last; their value gets greater instead of less as time goes on.

Here, again, we only quote sample premium, as we can supply all you need along this line on a similar basis.

This is our offer:—

One half dozen Teaspoons of this 1847 Rogers' silver plate, neatly packed in plush-lined box, postpaid and registered to your address for new subscriptions to the value of **$4.50**

No. 5.

7.—A Fine Gold-filled Neck Chain, 14 karat, slender, but very strong; soldered links. (See Cut No. 5.) Just the thing to wear with locket or any other pendant. Retails regularly at $1.75. Dull finish or bright, to match locket.

This Chain will be given for new subscriptions to the value of **$3.00**

No. 6.

Gold Cuff Links, latest style (See cut No. 6). What every boy aspires to. Solid gold bar or lever style, 14 karat gold-filled, warranted 10 years. Retails at $1.00. One pair of the Cuff Links for new subscription to the value of **$2.00**

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

CONSISTING OF THREE PIECES.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BED SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlock edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

The above illustration conveys a very good idea of the design of this Bed Set, and we trust that our selection, from among a very large assortment, will please those of our readers into whose hands they may come.

Mailed for a list of **$4.00** worth of new subscriptions.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

BY MEANS OF

LAUGHABLE, INTERESTING

AND

Beautiful Colored Views

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

This Outfit consists of the following:—

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar for holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others, as you do in admiring them yourself.

N.B.—These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our scribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lens used.

Outfit No. 1—One Stereoscope and 24 views as above, for **$4.00** worth of new subscriptions.

Outfit No. 2—One Stereoscope and 50 views, for **$5.00** worth of new subscriptions.

Outfit No. 3—One Stereoscope and 100 views for **$6.00** worth of new subscriptions.

SPECIAL "Messenger" PREMIUM

For only TWO NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 15 cents to Jan. 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid,

A Beautifully Colored

Maple Leaf Brooch,

in Hard Enamel

Actual Size.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experiences of many mothers have proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½ x 7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give one copy of the 'Sweet Story of Old,' for new subscriptions to the value of **$1.00**.

N.B.—We have in our premium stock many other Standard Books, at popular prices. This is only a sample to indicate what we can do.

Bagster Long Primer Bible.

A Handsome Bible, printed in Long Primer, with black leather binding, limp cover, round corners, gilt edges. In addition to the Old and New Testaments, contains 150 pages of valuable Bible helps: A Concordance of 85 pages; alphabetical index of 34 pages, 12 colored maps, 17 pages of illustrations, and other aids to Bible Study.

The following words 'Long Primer Type' are printed to show the size of type used in the Bible.

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Size of Bible, open, 12¾ x 10 inches; usually sold postpaid for $3.00. Given for new subscription to the value of **$3.00**

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The Old Testament has all prophetic references to Christ, and passages referred to by Christ, printed in red, while the New Testament has all Christ's own words printed in red. This Bible is self-pronouncing, has 35 half-tone engravings, 32 beautifully colored illustrations, 17 maps, combination Concordance and 4,500 questions and answers on the Bible, making it altogether a most acceptable Bible to teacher or student. It is bound in morocco, Divinity circuit and red under gold edges. Size, open, 9¾ x 14 inches. Easily worth $4.00. Given for only **$4.50** worth of new subscriptions.

SPECIAL NOTICE—People should earn as many spoons as possible during the month, as they may never again have so good a chance. Why not make up a complete set? We can supply knives and forks for those who prefer them. If you cannot get the amount in subscriptions that is called for in any of our premium offers, you may add cash to the extent of two-thirds of the amount remaining due, and the premium will be sent you.

For Sample Papers, Subscription Blanks, etc., apply to **JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "Witness" Block, Montreal, Can.**

LESSON IV.—JULY 22, 1906.

Jesus Teaching How to Pray

Luke xi., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 16.—Luke xi., 1-13.
Tuesday, July 17.—Luke xviii., 1-14.
Wednesday, July 18.—Matt. vi., 5-15.
Thursday, July 19. Mark xi., 20-26.
Friday, July 20.—Ps. cxlv., 1-21.
Saturday, July 21.—John xiv., 12-25.
Sunday, July 22.—John xvi., 22-33.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

'Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!'

—Trench.

The apostles observed Jesus in the act and attitude of prayer. In some oratory of nature, perhaps, they saw Him kneeling with upturned face. His glowing lineaments showed the bliss of communion with God, or repose after wrestling, and the conscious obtaining of the thing desired. A goodly sight! No wonder it provoked the question how they could learn to pray after such a fashion.

The universal Teacher taught through these suppliants all who would afterward learn of Him concerning this supreme act of the soul. He gave first the model of prayer—the ideas, the words. The Paternoster is an epitome. Here are the needs alike of the race and the individual of miniature. It is the alphabet, the numeral system out of which prayer of every description can be spelled and figured. Analytically, in its separate parts, it illustrated the components of a true, rounded, acceptable prayer. Snythetically, there is in it a tenor, a spirit—accumulative power unmatched in written language. It is the chief ornament of every ritual. Its perpetual repetition wearies no one. It is suited alike to child and adult.

The Lord's Prayer is a fine example of the avoidance of many words which Jesus on another occasion insisted upon. The equilibrium between comprehensiveness and condensation is maintained. The exordium is a reverential address to the Deity, in which His existence, unity, and paternal character are adoringly recognized. The 'kingdom of heaven' will be found to be the solvent of the prayer. The coming of the kingdom will insure the hallowing of the Divine name, and the doing of the Divine will, as in heaven, so on earth. The coming of the kingdom insures absolution, reduces temptations, and consequently delivers from evil. Criticism has fairly established that the ascriptions of kingdom, power and glory was not a part of the prayer as originally given. But the lofty doxology chords so perfectly that it will probably continue in use forever. The prayer can be divided into two parts: The first relates to the Father, and contains three petitions; i.e., concerning His name, His kingdom, and His will. The second concerns ourselves, and is comprehended in the words bread, forgiveness, and deliverance. Rudolph Stier says in his 'Words of Jesus,' 'All the tones of the human breast which go from earth to heaven sound here in their keynotes.'

From this matchless formulary Jesus passes to the spirit which should characterize the suppliant. To set this forth, He uses a homely incident. eW must transfer ourselves to the Orient to appreciate it. There was no mail or time-table to apprise the host of the guest's arrival. It would like as not be late at night, as travel was ordinarily continued then, to escape the heat of the day. The guest would be downright hungry, as there were no facilities of the modern restaurateur. The host's larder would like as not be empty, the climate making the preservation of edibles difficult, and leading them to live from hand to mouth. Borrowing would be the next thing in order. What a touch of nature in the churlishness of the half-awakened neighbor! To him the getting up from his warm bed, and the stumbling over his children as they lie hit and miss upon their tiny mats about the floor; the taking down of the heavy bar across the door; all seems to his drowsy powers a superhuman exertion. Yet there comes at length a point where it is easier far for the sleepy niggard to get up and have done with the matter, than to be periodically roused by the persistent knocking and calling.

The force of the parable is in its contrasts. God's eye is never closed in slumber. God's self is love. His treasures are inexhaustible. He delights to give. There is no indifference or disinclination on the part of God which must be first overcome by man's importunity. The delay in answer, if there is any, is for the recipient's own highest advantage; that he may study anew his supposed needs, may analyze his motives, may review the promises, so that when at length the answer comes, he may be in a state of mind and heart to avail himself of the blessing to the uttermost. Postponement is for the advantage of the receiver, not the Giver.

The Paternoster is still in Jesus' mind. Earthly fathers, have judgment to discriminate between good and evil gifts for their children. They have natural affection enough to incline them to bestow only the good. If that be so—and who denies it?—how will not the Heavenly Father, infinite in wisdom, power, and love, bestow that all-inclusive gift, the life and light of the soul, the Holy Spirit, to those who, out of the vocabulary of the Paternoster, and in the spirit of the parable, ask Him?

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Request for Form of Prayer Natural.
   John Baptist's Precedent.
   Jesus Himself observed in Prayer.
2. Jesus' Divine Answer.
   Universal Teacher gives Universal Form.
3. Analysis—
   First part relates to the Father—His Name, Kingdom, Will.
   Second part relates to man—Bread, Forgiveness, Deliverance.
4. From Form to Spirit of Prayer.
   Illustrated by Parable.
   Its contrasts, the force of it.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

'Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name;
May Thy kingdom holy on earth be the same;
O, give to us daily our portion of bread,
It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed;
Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
The humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness, and sin;
And Thine be the glory, forever. Amen.'

* * * *

Form and fervency! Their juxtaposition here is no accident. It is designed to teach us that they are not inimical; that the importune soul can express itself in the phrase of the Paternoster. Phillips Brooks poured out his great heart in the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and other 'forms' of the Prayer-book. Moved himself, he moved all who heard him.

* * * *

The golden mean is to be maintained, however, betwen a too rigid adherence to form and a persistence in extemporaneous prayer.

* * * *

John Baptist would likely give his disciples a form of prayer. He gave minute and practical directions to each class of his converts, the people, the publicans, the soldiers. He would hardly omit teaching them how to pray.

* * * *

Jesus is our standing pattern in prayer. He enforced His precept with His example. Twenty-one instances of His praying are noted in the Gospels—secret, public, at meals, long prayers, ejaculatory, intercessory for friends and enemies; all are recorded. The fervency of His prayer is described in the Epistle to the Hebrews. His supplications were offered with 'strong cryings and tears.'

* * * *

We are to pray without ceasing. The bird is not always literally flying, but it is ready to fly on an instant. So our souls should be ready to spread their pinions, and mount to the mercy-seat on short notice.

* * * *

You can no more find a Christian without prayer than you can find a living man without a pulse. Prayer is a state rather than a specific act. Benefit depends on continuity. One must have the aptitude.

* * * *

Prayer-wheels turned by water-power are numerous in India. The prayer pasted on the wheel is thought to be said with every revolution. Those who laugh at the crudity of the device ought to ask whether in average Christian prayer there is not some meaningless iteration. God does not need to be instructed or aroused.

* * * *

Luther is said to have exclaimed, 'I have so much to do I can not get along well without three hours a day praying.' Daniel was a busy statesman, but amid the cares of office he found time to pray three times a day.

* * * *

When the whole number of the sons of God shall have reached this goal, a pure doxology will arise in heaven: Hallowed be the name of our God! His kingdom is come. His will is done. He has forgiven us our sins. He has brought temptation to an end. He has delivered us from the evil one. His is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen! (Bengel.)

* * * *

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free.
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
And glory ever be.

—Judson.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 22.—Topic.—Christ's life. VII. How Christ prayed, and how we should pray. Matt. xiv., 23; xxvi., 36-44.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A WRONG EXAMPLE.

Monday, July 16.—What Rehoboam did. I. Kings xii., 21-24.
Tuesday, July 17.—What Jeroboam did. I. Kings xii., 12-25.
Wednesday, July 1.— Jereboam's plan. I. Kings xii., 26-30.
Thursday, July 19.—Jeroboam's sin. II. Kings xvii., 21, 22.
Friday, July 20.—Jeroboam's punishment. I. Kings xv., 29, 30.
Saturday, July 21.—Following Jeroboam's example. II. Kings xiii., 2.
Sunday, July 22.—Topic—Doing wrong because it is easier. I. Kings xii., 28-30.

Give the boy something to do. It will anchor him to the Sunday school and make him feel that he is helping to make it go.

The Sailor Boy.

The winds they blow, ho! ho!
A sailing I will go.
A sailor boy am I,
I watch both sea and sky.

I'll seek the water's brink;
My good boat ne'er will sink.
I'll hoist the mast and sail,
Nor fear the raging gale.

I'll skim the water free,
As happy as can be,
But what is that to lee?
The whitecaps from the sea?

I think I'll hie me home,
I will not seek to roam.
I'm sure the boat for me
Is my dear papa's knee.

The Friends of Buttons.

(Louise Octavian, from 'Children's Magazine.')

Hilda was in the kitchen cooking Buttons's dinner.

Buttons was a beautiful black cat with lustrous golden eyes and a tiny dash of white upon his breast. A very dainty puss was he, and in the matter of eating sadly spoiled. He would eat nothing but liver and canned salmon—liver one day, salmon the next.

This was his day for liver, and he sat in front of the stove, patiently waiting till it was done to just the turn that suited his catship. Hilda opened the oven door anxiously.

'Dear me, this fire is so slow!' she sighed. 'Buttons, you're the sweetest little kitty-boy in the whole world of kitty-boys but I do wish you could cook your own meat!'

Just then Buttons saw a fly. His whiskers quivered. A fly in January was an unexpected luxury. Buttons sprang after it, followed it across the room, from a chair to a table, from the table to a shelf, and from the shelf, with a flying leap, to the top of the open pantry door. There he perched and watched the fly crawling just out of reach upon the ceiling.

Upon the table was a large kettle of molasses. Hilda looked at it affectionately. Her sister Ruth was going to have a candy pull that evening.

'We'll have lots of fun to-night, Buttons,' said Hilda.

Buttons's gleaming eyes were fastened upon the fly. Suddenly a sizzing sound came from the oven.

'The liver is burning! The liver is burning!' cried Hilda.

In her headlong rush for the stove she knocked over a chair which fell with a thump against the pantry door. Buttons lost his balance, slipped from his narrow seat, clawed wildly at the shelf, turned an agitated somersault, and fell—O, poor, poor Buttons!—right into the kettle of molasses!

Hilda's shrieks brought the entire family to the kitchen as Buttons, his heavy fur soaked through and through with molasses, leaped from the kettle and whirled madly round the room, leaving sticky footprints everywhere.

'O, he's spoiled! He's spoiled!' wailed Hilda.

'Before I'd have such a looking cat!' jeered brother Ned.

'It will never come off,' declared Ruth.

'Put him out in the yard,' said mamma. 'He'll never be fit to come into the house again.'

'Someone must wash him,' said Hilda.

'Sure, and I'll niver touch the crathur!' declared Norah.

'I'm busy, Miss Hilda,' remarked the housekeeper.

'Then Josephus must,' cried Hilda.

Josephus was a queer old soldier with one eye and a wooden leg. He took care of lawns and paths and furnaces for a living. Hilda could see him now, shovelling a path at the Dudleys' just opposite. She threw open a window.

'O Josephus, Josephus!' she

cried. 'Come, quick! Something dreadful has happened!'

Josephus dropped his shovel and came as quickly as his wooden leg would let him.

'What's the matter,' Miss Hilda?' he asked.

'O, it's Buttons, my dear, dear Buttons!' wailed Hilda. 'He fell into a kettle of molasses, and O Josephus, I want you to wash him!'

Josephus threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

'Please, please, Josephus!' begged Hilda.

'Sorry, Missy, but really I haven't time,' said Josephus, hobbling back to his shovelling.

'Then I'll have to do it myself,' said Hilda.

So she got a pail of water, captured the unfortunate cat, and placed him gently in the pail. There was a frantic struggle and a tremendous splash. Then over went the pail, and away flashed Buttons!

Half an hour later Hilda, still grieving over the accident, looked out of the kitchen window.

Buttons was sitting forlornly upon a snowbank.

'Poor, poor Buttons!' sighed Hilda.

Then Buttons lifted up his voice in lamentation. 'Meow-meow-meow,' he mournfully cried.

In a moment a large gray cat came slowly up the driveway, two tiger cats leaped the fence, closely followed by a small maltese tabby, a yellow cat struggled across the snow covered lawn, and a handsome black and white puss crept around the corner of the house.

'Mew, mew,' said the little maltese.

'Miaw, miaw,' said the two tigers.

Meow-meow-meow,' chanted the whole six.

Then the big gray cat approached Buttons solemnly. 'P-r-r,' said he, and began to lick his molasses-drenched friend.

'P-r-r,' said the yellow cat, following the gray cat's example.

'O,' exclaimed Hilda, 'they're washing Buttons!'

'They certainly are,' said mamma.

'P-r-r-r-r,' said the black and white cat, the two tigers and the little maltese, all coming forward to assist.

Till dark Hilda watched the funny scene. And after supper in came Buttons, purring happily, his beautiful fur just as clean and shiny and velvety as ever.

'Those dear, good cats!' cried Hilda.

'They were friends in need,' said mamma.

'Meow!' agreed Buttons.

Mother and I.

Out in mother's garden,
Up in the cherry tree,
I sing to the little birdies,
The birdies sing to me,
But when the day is darkening,
I sit on mother's knee,
And then I talk to mother,
And mother talks to me.

And nowhere else in all the world,
Nowhere else I'd be,
For I love my dear, dear mother,
And mother she loves me.
—Selected.

When Dick was Lost.

(Hilda Richmond).

'Mrs. Nelson, we can't find Dick anywhere,' cried three frightened children, bursting into the sitting-room where Dick's mamma was putting the baby to sleep.

'Where was he?' asked Mrs. Nelson, just a little surprised, but not alarmed.

We were playing hide-and-seek a long time ago, and I was it,' said Paul. 'I found Nellie and Tom, but couldn't find Dick anywhere.'

'He probably found a snug hiding place, and is staying there to play a little joke on you,' said Mrs. Nelson. 'I will put the baby in his crib and help you hunt him.'

'He wouldn't stay in that long,' said Nellie. 'I—I guess he's lost or gone with the gypsies,' and she burst into tears.

'We forgot all about Dick and the game when we went to watch some gypsies,' said Tom, clinging to Mrs. Nelson's hand. 'Maybe he's lost.'

Mrs. Nelson looked all around the yard and barn, and then began to get frightened. A man was working in the yard trimming trees, and he only laughed when they felt anxious. 'He'll come back at dinner time, ma'am,' he said. 'I've noticed that lost boys always hear the dinner bell. I'll keep a sharp lookout for the lad up here in the tree; but I know he's all right.'

But when another half hour went by and no Dick appeared, Mrs. Nelson cried too, and most of the neighbors started out to hunt the missing boy. 'Just as soon as I get rid of this cement, I'll help hunt the little rascal,' said the man, who had finished his tree trimming. 'I don't like to see his mother cry, but this stuff will set if I don't use it right away. Mr. Nelson wants to save the big elm tree by filling the trunk with this mortar, and it must be done right away.'

'I think the lad will come back all right,' said the neighbor to whom he was speaking, 'but women get scared so easily.'

'Here he is!' cried the workman, reaching into the big hollow tree to take out the loose bark and dirt, and bringing up a muddy little shoe, with Dick's foot inside. 'Hello, sonny! Your mother and all the folks are out hunting for you.'

'I must have fallen asleep,' said Dick, with a great yawn, when everybody gathered around. 'I knew Paul would never find me in here, for it was such a good hiding place.'

'Well, I guess you'll have to come in free, but lots of folks helped me be it,' said Paul, as Dick scampered to the base.

The Chestnut Bur.

The wind cried aloud to the chestnut bur,
'Open, come open to me!'
And he blew with his might
Till the bur shook with fright,
But never a bit opened she.

Then the sun smiled down on the little green bur,
'Please open,' he coaxed, 'to me!'
And he shone so warm
That the bur in alarm
Hid under the leaves of the tree.

Jack Frost came hurrying down the hill.
'Ho, ho, ha, ha!' laughed he,
And the bur laughed back
Till her brown sides cracked,
And then out fell the chestnuts three.
—Christine H. Hamilton, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Correspondence

J. C., Ont.

Dear Editor.—I am writing this to thank you for the fountain pen which I got on May 29th.

I have four brothers and four sisters. We live in a brick house. My father is going West this coming Wednesday, and he won't be back again till November, and then next April we are all going out. Oh! won't it be fun.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—I am going to send you a story for the 'Messenger' next time I write.—S.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this place I thought I would write one. I am very fond of reading. I have read about one hundred books. Some of them are 'Robert's Watch,' 'Singing Joe,' 'Ralph Raymond's Heir,' 'Mary Erskine,' 'The Cottage by the Lynn,' 'Tip Lewis and his Lamp,' 'Waiting and Serving,' 'Willing to be useful,' 'Hira's Quest,' 'Tony's Neighbors,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' and 'Mary has their birthday on the same day as mine, September 12.

MABEL F. REID.

W. T.

Dear Editor,—I like the stories in the 'Messenger.' I am reading 'Rasmus,' and I think the story is very interesting.

Some of the books I have read are: 'Elsie's Womanhood,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Robinson Cruso,' 'Lorna Doone.' I like reading, and have read over one hundred books. I go to school all the time. I have taken the 'Messenger' for five or six years.

I like puzzles, and I will answer some. The answer to Bessie Rattee's is a cherry. To Charles Rattee's the answer is a threaded needle. The answer of some of Margaret Ellis's are: No. 1—A potato. No. 2—A pail.

I will give a riddle: What are the poles that nobody climbs?

MAGGIE E. KILBY.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday was May 8.

I take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a nice little paper. I always read the Little Folks' Page, and the Correspondence Page first. I think that the drawings are nice, but as I cannot draw I can't send any.

Nearly all who write send conundrums. I think I can answer some. The answer to one of Mabel Brebner's: What four letters would make a thief run is, O I C U (Oh, I see you), and the answer to Charles E. Rattee's is A needle and thread.

ANNIE D. ALLEN.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am in the Sixth Grade. The answers to Margaret Ellis's riddles are: 1st—What has eyes, yet cannot see? Ans. A potato. 2nd: What has ears, yet cannot hear? Ans.: A corn. 3rd—What has a nose, yet cannot smell? Ans.: Tea-kettle.

RUSSELL NICKERSON (12).

O., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but our grandma sends it to my brother, and I like reading it very much. I think 'Rasmus, or the Making of a Man,' was a very nice story, but Rodney did not prove to be Rasmus's brother, as one girl said she thought he would. I go to school, and I am in the Third Reader. Some of the books I have read are: 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'The Puritan Family,' 'The Country Cousins,' 'The Cloudy Morning,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Cinderella,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I like to read the letters. I will answer some of the puzzles I saw. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose?—A coal sifter. I will close with a riddle: If the lamb, the frog, the duck and skunk went to the store what money would they have.

EVA NETTIE THORNE (11).

S.

Dear Editor,—I take music lessons from my Sunday school teacher. I have not taken them more than a month yet. My three brothers and I get the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday school, to which we go.

I think it is a good plan to have riddles in the 'Messenger,' as you can tell them to other people.

S. is one of the prettiest and cleanest towns in Ontario, and has several beautiful buildings in it. There are quite a few different kinds of birds here, but I have not recognized them all. I have a little note book in which I write down the different kinds of birds I see. I have quite a number of them now, such as:—Robin, blue jay, crow, and others.

KATHLEEN GEDDES.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have often intended writing to the 'Messenger,' but never got started. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the Correspondence Page. My aunt gave me the 'Messenger' for a birthday present for several years.

My birthday is September 21st. I will be fourteen next September.

I go to school, and am in the Fifth Book. My teacher's name is Miss C.; I like her very much. I like to read very much, and I have read over one hundred and fifty books. I think my favorites are the 'Elsie' books.

There are numbers of wild-flowers growing around here. My favorites are May flowers and wild roses.

I live on a farm on the Petitcodiac River, about seven miles from Moncton. I go to the Methodist Church. Our Sunday school opens next Sunday. The Superintendent is Mr. S. My teacher's name is Miss S.

What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?

Who may marry and yet remain single all his life?

What tree is like a stupid old joke?

What is the difference between was and is?

HELEN GERTRUDE WILMOT.

E. M.

Dear Editor,—I now thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' I like the 'Messenger' very much. I get it every Sunday at Sunday school. I am in the fourth book at day school. I was twelve years old last 5th of October.

I have one sister, whose name is Mable, and two brothers, George and Russell.

I am sending some riddles:

1. What part of the face resembles a schoolroom?

2. Why is the letter F like a cow's tail?

VIOLET MISSELBROOK.

H. R., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a few lines. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school. I have read a good many books, some of them are: 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' 'Two Little Fins,' 'Battle of Life,' 'Malcolm Kirk,' and many others. I think the answer to Ethel Bailey's third puzzle is 'stone' and V. B.'s is Andrew. Ethel Bailey's second is Volume IX. P. E. Smith was asking how many times snow appeared in the Old and New Testaments. Twenty-four, I think. I will send a puzzle, how many times does the word 'Farm' appear in the Bible?

G. V.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'My Flag.' Bruce Riddell, H., Ont.
2. 'Reindeer.' Willie Moore, S., Assa.
3. 'Bunch of Grapes.' Elsie McNabb, P., Ont.
4. 'Off to School.' Cora W. Butcher, H., Ont.
5. 'My Pets.' R. Earle Williams, C., P. E. I.
6. 'The Bee.' Edna M., B., Ont.
7. 'Girl at Desk.' Empress McCaull, G., Que.
8. 'Our School-house.' Ernest Hurlbert, S., N.S.
9. 'House.' Catherine McInnes, W.B., N.S.
10. 'Lily.' Bertha Nisbet, L., Ont.
11. 'The gun to take the prize.' Jack McNevan, R., Man.

The Old, Old Story.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine, high scorn for common men,
Who were born with no backbone.
'And why,' said he, 'should a man of strength
Deny to himself the use,
Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine,
Because of its weak abuse?'

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poet says
About the rosy wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair young worth
In a sparkling, generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown,
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone
Is the pitiful slave to drink.

—'Alliance News.'

Liquor Advertising.

The persistent and widespread advertising of different brands of drink is something to be universally deplored. A generation that sees upon every bill-board and in almost every magazine striking advertisements of whiskey, beer, and champagne, is hardly likely to grow sensitive to the perils which lie in alcohol. It would be very desirable if legislation could be enacted which would enable a community to restrict or prohibit not only the sale, but the advertising of spirituous liquors. Such legislation might seem at first too much in the nature of blue laws, but it seems that the community which determines upon prohibition should be permitted to keep out from its limits the public and obtrusive advertisement of the sale of that which it has forbidden.—'Christendom.'

A Lesson on Beer Drinking.

A dark-haired, slender young girl, with large, brown eyes and a pleasant face, stood in the prisoners' dock of the Jefferson Market Police Court. She was neatly dressed, though her attire was well worn; and she stood with bowed form. Two other female prisoners stood in the dock with her. The one on her right was a bold-faced woman of the town, dressed in cheap but gaudy finery, bedecked with tawdry jewellery, and evidently familiar with her surroundings. The other was an old woman in dirty rags, which she scarcely held upon her shoulders with one thin and grimy hand. Her eyes were bleared, and her face bruised and bloated.

The judge looked at the strange-assorted trio. Then he said to the weeping girl.

'How is it that so young a girl as you have come to this?'

'I did not intend to get drunk, judge,' said the girl. 'I went to a woman's house, and we drank some beer together, and somehow, I don't remember what happened after that until I found myself in the cell.'

'How old are you?'

'I am going on sixteen, sir.'

'Sixteen! how do you like your neighbors? Look to your right; that is your next step. It won't take very long to reach that state if you continue as you have begun. Look to your left; that is nearly the end, but it is the sure end of the downward path.'

The young girl sobbed, but said nothing.

'You are very young,' resumed his honor. 'This is your first offence; I hope it will be your last. You can go.'

The girl left the court-room with hanging head, but the woman on the right laughed, and the woman on the left leered, as they waited for their turn.

This girl had a bitter lesson; but how many there are who will never learn except in a bitter school. The world is full of wrecks which have gone down through drink. Others are following who little imagine where their course will end. O, that both old and young would be warned by the ruin into which others have plunged, and escape for their lives before escape shall be impossible!—'Exchange.'

Dangers in the Use of Tobacco.

Self-government is task enough without putting on one's self an additional expenditure of will in keeping all such useless habits as tobacco indulgence within severe limits. Besides, the attempt is almost certain to fail, until after a deplorable experience of the results of excess, resulting in permanent physical loss. In regard to smoking, there is, as in chewing, an overworking and drain of the salivary glands; a consequent weakening of digestion and loss of healthy appetite and nutrition; irritation, dryness and often inflammation of the tongue, tonsils and throat; a similar condition of the bronchi and lungs, aggravated by inbreathing of the soot, the carbonic acid gas, ammonia, nicotine and empyreumatic matter of the smoke; a loss of tone of the entire nervous system, often affecting particularly the pulse and strength of the heart, and producing alternate brief stimulus and reaction, dullness of the brain, gradually lowering its vigor, and impairment of the keenness of all the senses; and in the worst cases, not only general debility, but paralysis, delirium, death. Every one knows of the poisonous effects of the first indulgence in tobacco,—nausea, giddiness, vomiting, faintness—quite as significant as the fact that a drop of the nicotine in the tobacco put upon a dog's tongue is enough to kill him.

The best physicians, such as the late eminent Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, of London, declared that children and youths cannot indulge in tobacco at all without impairment of growth, and the danger of premature maturity and physical degeneration. The noxious weed prevents the oxidation of the tissues on which nutrition and growth depend. But this metabolism, rapid and most essential in one's growing years, is also the very condition of vigor at all ages; and, while the half-starved may find some relief in narcotics because delaying the consumption of tissue, the well-fed for the same reason clog their systems and are subject to all the ills of repletion, to say nothing of the stupidity of the habitual smoker, except as in later life a press of work under the high pressure of stimulants leads to an unduly nervous activity and premature failure of the vital energy. Of course, frugal living and out-of-door work may mask or delay evil results in indulgence, but, with a good constitution, a manual laborer might survive the daily use of conine from poison hemlock or strychnine, which chemically are of the same class with nicotine.

From a social standpoint, tobacco is dirty and filthy, defiling the body as well as the clothing. Its use is sure to lead the young into bad company, dissipation, gambling, etc. A slave to tobacco rarely ever has that nice consideration of others of the cultured gentleman—he is more apt to be rude and insist on smoking in public places.—'Popular Science.'

Publican's Wife on Sunday Closing.

A vicar sends the following, which speaks for itself:

'The wife of a publican whom I visited in my parish shortly before her death said to me: "If I had a thousand pounds I would give it at once towards closing public-houses on Sunday."'

Richard Cobden on Total Abstinence.

The following temperance testimony from the renowned Cobden, was written in 1849 to Joseph Lisesey, the father of teetotalism. Such conclusions, drawn by so able a man, in the days when the free use of alcoholic beverages was almost universal in England, are weighty arguments, indeed:

'I need not say how much I reverence your efforts in the cause of teetotalism, and how gratified I was to find that my note should have afforded you any satisfaction. I am a living tribute to the soundness of your principles. With a delicate frame and nervous temperament, I have been enabled, by Temperance, to do the work of a strong man. But it has only been by more and more Temperance. In my early days I used sometimes to join with others in a glass of spirits and water, and beer was my every-day drink. I soon found that spirits would not do, and for twenty years I have not taken a glass unless as a medicine. Then port and sherry became almost as incompatible with my mental exertions, and for many years I have not touched those wines excepting for form's sake in after-dinner society. Latterly, when dining out, I find it necessary to mix water even with champagne.

'At my own table I never have anything but water when dining with my family, and we have not a beer barrel in the house. For some years we have stipulated with all our servants to drink water, and we allow them extra wages to show them that we do not wish to treat them worse than our neighbors. All my children will, I hope, be teetotalers.

'So, you see, that without beginning upon principle I have been brought to your beverage solely by a nice observation of what is necessary to enable me to surmount an average mental labor of at least twelve hours a day. I need not add that it would be no sacrifice to me to join your ranks by taking the pledge. On the contrary it would be a satisfaction to me to know that from this moment I should never taste fermented drink again. Shall I confess it? My only restraining feeling would be that it would compel a singularity of habits in social life. Not that this would, I trust, be an insurmountable obstacle if paramount motives of usefulness urged me to the step.'

—'Reliance News.'

Before a Justice Court.

A saloonist innocently reveals one of the principal difficulties in the way of enforcing laws against liquor-dealers, in a trial before a justice court, according to the 'Templar.' On being sworn one of the attorneys in the case asked:—

'Mr. ——, where is your place of business?'

'What for you ask me such dings? You drinsk at my place more as a hundred times!'

'That has nothing to do with the case, Mr. ——. State to the jury where your place of business is.'

'De shury, de shury! Oh, my shiminy! Every shentlemens on dis schury has a string on my cellar door schust like a rail fence.'

The court then interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state the place of his business.

'Oh, excuse me, your honor. You drink mit my places so many times, I dinks you know very well where I keeps mine place.

'For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.'

—Dr. Cuyler.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

HOUSEHOLD.

Goodnight.

Little boy sweetheart, with eyes that shine
Blue as the skies on a summer morn,
Lips that are wreathed in a smile divine,
Velvety cheek that is pressed to mine,
Life has seemed fairer since you were born;
Fold up your petals, my rosebud white,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Little boy sweetheart, I love you so!
How deep that love you will never know,
Night after night, when my work is through,
Worn out and weary I come to you,
Bend o'er your couch till upon my ear
Falls a faint music I yearn to hear,
Made by your breathing so soft and light,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Then by your side as I nightly kneel
To the All-Father I make appeal,
Then He will guide you and guard and bless,
Touch you with love and unselfishness,
Mould you and lead you life's path along,
That you grow manly and true and strong,
That He will guide you and guard and bless,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Denver 'News.'

How Much Ought a Woman To Do?

'Mrs. Brown died last night.' 'The music teacher? It does not seem possible.' 'But it's true, and she will be greatly missed. And on my round of morning calls the same message greeted me. 'It was so sudden, too,' they all said. 'She was out all day attending to her usual work, and made calls in the evening, and she was called by the voice of death before morning.' 'Another unconscious suicide,' said I. 'Why a suicide, pray tell!' 'Because she never knew when to stop and rest. Indeed, there seemed no stopping place in her busy life, for she was in demand everywhere, and always ready to serve others.' 'That is true, but suicide seems a harsh word to apply to her.' 'But it's the truth, and if this word were applied to all such cases, "heart failure" would go out of fashion, and people would get their eyes open to some facts that might save many a life.' 'But it's so hard to stop when there is so much to be done, a pressure of work all the time.' 'Yes, but how much better to do less and spin out the lives of usefulness, instead of crowding two days' work into one. Let us see how much she carried on her hands and brain. Her music pupils at home and in adjoining towns and music in the schools would seem quite enough for one woman during the six week days. But I've met her Saturday night going to rehearsal for Sunday service, and Sunday was not a day of rest for her. Then there were concerts, festivals, and musical clubs in which she was a leader, and at weddings and funerals she was in demand. Some of these things she could have done with ease with her regular work, but she could not refuse if possible to grant a request. And then you know she was a fine housekeeper, and only had some one do her heavy work.' 'It's not a marvel that she dropped down "in the harness," just as she wished to go, but let me tell you what I think was the "last straw." She was very fond of children, and trained them in their music for the May day festival, and was completely tired out after it was over on Friday night. But she kept right on with her usual duties, and Tuesday night she was weary even unto death.'

'It is not right to so abuse the human temple. She often had sick spells in which the heart was involved, and overwork was the immediate cause of them. Her physicians pointed out the dangers of it, but she went on with a grim determination to do at all events, no matter what the result to her heavy overweight body, which had long been a burden.

But this is only one case among thousands, and even those who profess to know better often find it a difficult matter to do what they know to be right. There is hygiene of work, and also of rest, and we should be humane to ourselves and our families. But there are thousands of women in our homes just 'driven to death with work,' as they express it. They go on and on with a rush in home affairs, then assume outside responsibilities, when they should be resting. They engage in work that demands brain and hands—work that brings nothing but exhaustion to them unless it be the pleasure in the thought of doing for those outside of home. And so they begin in their early married life to 'break down' when they should think about conserving their energies by rest, and so lengthen out their years of usefulness. Overwork brings worry, which is far worse than hard work. Taking a rest every day cannot be too strongly impressed upon the race. Do what can be done with ease and comfort, and never forget that the body is of some account, and has a right to be well cared for. The mind and will to do often carries us beyond the bounds of reason, in work as well as pleasure. Both are paid for later in pain and expense.—'Health Culture.'

How to Guard Against Contagion.

I am very glad to see young mothers inquiring the way to guard against infectious diseases among their children. Much contagion is carried and transmitted because the young people have not been carefully instructed as to the danger. A reader of the 'Telescope' says she has been very much benefited along the line of hygienic and health needs by some of my articles in it, and asks for help in this quarter.

Sore eyes, granulated lids, grip and sore throat, etc., have been given one to another in a family (especially the younger ones) by using the same towel.

It is just want of thought, yet it makes very serious trouble, pain, and expense oftentimes. The same is true in the use of handkerchiefs. Children at school will borrow to wipe fruit from hands and mouth—saying they had forgotten theirs. Dear little innocent children. They should be carefully educated and talked to about the danger. Let the children wash their hands carefully every night before going to bed—disease germs may be secreted under their nails. Let the handkerchiefs of the children who have grip or colds be washed separately from the others in a strong hot suds quickly and thoroughly, and iron them while damp with very hot irons. This will kill microbes in them. Towels should be laundered by themselves and never washed with the family wash if any one has the grip or sore throat. Observe these rules strictly.—S. J. H., in 'Religious Telescope.'

Special Notice.

When ordering Maple Leaf Emblems, if you are already receiving in your homes one or both of the two papers we offer, we shall be pleased to send the free trial subscriptions to either paper to any address you select in the Dominion. This is a good chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

Butterflies and Heaven.

Although the child is barely five years old, it is hard to answer many of her questions. Only a few days ago, as we were walking along a country road, she suddenly asked, 'Mamma, what are we made for?' And her questions regarding life and death would puzzle the wisest of ministers. Recently we have found such a beautiful illustration, which has completely satisfied her, that I think it might benefit others who have the privilege of leading and teaching little ones.

One day, about the middle of July, she brought me a sprig of caraway with a caterpillar about an inch and a half long feeding upon it. I recognized it at once as the larva of the 'Asterias' butterfly. The body was a beautiful shade of light green with bands of black resembling velvet and yellow spots on the black bands. I placed it under a wire fly screen. Whenever it was touched it would thrust out, from the top of its head, a short pair of soft, orange colored horns, which emitted a peculiar and rather disagreeable odor.

For two days we watched it and supplied it with fresh caraway leaves and blossoms. Then it ceased eating and began to crawl about the cage as if searching for something. The next day the child called me to see the caterpillar making a spider-web, as she called it. Upon one side of the screen it had already firmly spun a casing for its hind feet, and its head seemed to be waving back and forth, but upon looking closely we discovered that it was spinning a swing. Back and forth, back and forth. 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams,' the little creature wove the silken thread until it was a firm cord, capable of holding up the rest of his body.

I explained to the child that the caterpillar had an instinctive knowledge that a change like death was coming, and that was the way to bury itself, although some caterpillars, when the time came for them to change, buried themselves in the ground. She watched it closely, and the next day discovered it as 'he was kicking his skin off,' as she expressed it. When I reached the spot the skin was rolled back half-way down the body, and spasmodic jerks were being made to throw off the remainder, which in a few moments fell in a small, dry roll on the bottom of the cage.

Then I explained to her that the caterpillar was apparently dead, but after a while would come to life, just as people do when they become angels in heaven; that the poor little crawling worm, which had never known anything except eating caraway, would turn into something very beautiful and be able to fly all about and see many lovely things in the world which it never even dreamed of. Her interest was intense. For fifteen days she looked at it several times every day as the worm hung in the silken swing.

On the morning of the fifteenth day it had turned much darker, and I noticed two cracks in the skin, one upon each side of the head, meeting in a point upon the breast. I went about my work intending to keep a sharp watch that day. In half an hour I looked again and the metamorphosis was completed. On the side of the screen clung the new-born thing of beauty.

The great black wings were still so soft that they drooped over in graceful curves. I called the child quickly, and together we

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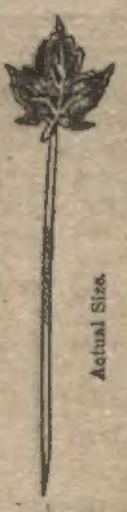

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watched it grow stronger and stronger and the great wings straighten out, till their velvety black glowed with their beautiful spots of yellow and blue and orange. It had become a wonderful, dainty thing, ready to fly away, to seek a beloved mate and to live among the flowers and all the beauties God has made in a butterfly's heaven.

Then it was so easy to lead the child's mind to understand that the beings of heaven would be as much more beautiful than we as the butterfly outshone the crawling worm; to teach her how much greater would be our powers and our enjoyment; how much more glorious heaven would be than all the flowers are to the single plant of caraway; what a simple, natural change death may be to a higher life; that the grave is only a resting place, where we may leave our bodies like the empty shell of the chrysalis, that still hung on the side of the wire cage.—Mrs. V. P. DeCoster, in the 'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

CORN OYSTERS.—To one cup of finely-chopped canned corn, add one egg slightly beaten, four tablespoons flour, half teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, drop the size of an oyster into a hot well-greased blazer. Brown on one side, then turn, as griddle cakes, and brown on other side. Serve with fried spring chicken.—'Housekeeper.'

A DELICIOUS COMBINATION.—I think it is not generally known that the wild black cherry, often so abundant, makes, when combined with an equal amount of green grapes, a delicious jelly of beautiful color. The pulp left after the clear juice has drained away for jelly, when rubbed through a strainer, makes an excellent jam or marmalade when sweetened to taste.

CINNAMON CAKES.—Cinnamon is far preferable to ginger for a molasses cake. The rule given below is very simple and very inexpensive, but when made a success, it 'can't be beat.' One spoonful melted butter, half a pint of molasses, one spoonful ground cinnamon, one full teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in half a pint of boiling water, mix with molasses, and pour gradually over a liberal half pint of sifted flour. Bake about half an hour. Molasses is not syrup; the effect in cooking is entirely different. One often gets syrup when calling for molasses. There is much less call for molasses proper, than formerly.

Religious Notes.

The Lord's Day Observance bill not only prohibits very definitely the sale on Sunday of either Canadian or foreign newspapers and periodicals, but makes illegal the importation of journals of any kind on Sunday. American Sunday papers, which in some cases are issued in the middle of the week, can be imported up to midnight Saturday, but not afterwards.

A missionary in Korea writes that the past year has been a remarkable one in the progress made in Christian work. The spiritual life of the Christians has been deepened and the native workers have been more earnest and the heathen more ready to listen and receive the Gospel. The number of inquiries and converts is rapidly increasing.

Thanks to the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese, no mission field seems to be more adequately or more admirably supplied with examples of the best literature than China. It is in the sphere of Biblical scholarship, as translators and expositors of God's Word, that missionaries have rendered perhaps their crowning service to humanity.

All over China schools are being established whose first requirement is the teaching of the English language.

A Church of Nez Percés Indians in Idaho sends its pastor (an Indian) away on a three-months missionary tour among less favored peoples, having their own services conducted during his absence by elders.

Canada has 108,000 Indians, who have property valued at $24,000,000. All but 12,000 of these have espoused Christianity. The Christians are about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. There are 224 day schools for Indians, fifty-five boarding schools, and twenty-three industrial schools.

A missionary was about to close a meeting at Pine Ridge, Ark., a few weeks ago, when he received a note signed by six unconverted Indians, asking for more preaching. During the next service three of the number, all heads of families, gave themselves to God.

There are old people among the Amahas who travel from thirty to forty miles on cold Sabbaths to hear a missionary.

There is quite an influential movement in progress in New York to secure a suspension of work in the public schools on Wednesday afternoons that the children may be given religious instruction.

Japan 'Endeavor' tells about a Japanese Junior who has just learned to read at a charity school. Her mother cannot read the Bible, but has learned something about Christian teaching; so the two have formed a partnership, the girl reading the Bible to her mother, and the mother explaining the Bible as it is read.

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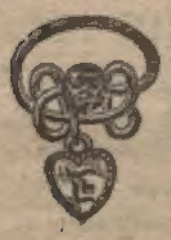

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